

# The Service of John Wolfe: An ODST's story

by Crusad3rz

Category: Halo

Genre: Adventure, Sci-Fi

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2005-12-18 08:12:01

Updated: 2005-12-21 04:30:32

Packaged: 2016-04-27 00:51:09

Rating: T

Chapters: 2

Words: 2,368

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: This is my first fic. It is having a small prologue, just so it can smally describe my character, but it doesn't do well because I want John's character to unravel. So I would really like constructive criticism or comment's to tell me what I did good, or

## 1. Beginnings

This story is based around a Character I have thought about for a while, Corporal John Wolfe of the ODST, this is his story about his first joining the ODST and battles, he is brutal for the ODST, but I hope people will enjoy this, I am minimizing the violence so it can be enjoyed by more. The prologue is a small bit about him joining the marines, then being tryed into the ODST

### Prologue

John stood at the doors of the military recruitment base. Waiting, he fumbled around with his fingers. He was 21, had a fighting spirit, and wanted to be approved as a special operations in a couple of years after he proved himself worthy in regular military. He went in, a bit of hesitation seemed to be holding him back. When he walked in, there was a man sitting down in a chair, typing in things on the computer next to him. "Ex-excuse me sir" John said, waiting for a response. The man behind the computer looked up, looking John straight in the eyes. "Yes" he said. "How can I enlist in the marines?" he asked. "Well if you come over here and give me your name and other things I will need to know" he said. John walked over and told him his name and the other things he needed to know.

-----Months  
later-----

John walked into the military training base, less experienced and not as in shape as the others. He walked in and put his things with his bunk. He turned to see the squad he would be serving with. John

looked at his bunk, and then put his things down. He sat on the bunk and looked at the time, and saw it was 9:00, then laid down on the bed and stared at the bunk above him. He shut his eyes, and drifted off.

He was the best of them the next day. It surprised the drill sergeant with how much he could take. He did better physically than most everyone else, but it was the target range where he shined. He could take down moving clay targets in 1 shot, even with a pistol. He stood out above the rest, and not many liked having him stand out. But John gathered friends, and rivals. He grew to be great friends with Luke Thompson, Chuck Sefer, and Darrell Lewis. Within 2 years the four were graduated and were separated. John was placed in a squad with the ODS's after more months of rigorous training for being allowed into the ODS. Not many battles happened within the first month, but he would be tested within the upcoming month.

## Chapter 1

John was sleeping soundly until the alarm went off. He woke up slowly, then heard the siren well. He got on his ODS armor, then picked up his helmet and ran into the hallway. "Ha, I will be the first one to the armory" he thought. As soon as he got in, he saw the others leaving. "What the?" but he was stopped and then grabbed a standard BR55 and M6D, then made sure he had his marine combat knife. He followed the others to the docking bay where they would be given instructions. The Colonel was giving out objectives, but he had missed the planet name. "This area is having a Civil War as we speak, so I won't be talking much longer. We go down, mow down the rebellion army, then try and get back up here with minimum casualties. Should be easy for us, right? Don't embarrass me down there men. Alright, let's move out." The Marines ran onboard the ship and sat down in their "seats". John went to his pod and then listened for communications. "Scared kid?" one of the more seasoned ODS's asked. "No, I'm fine." John said, but they both knew he was lying. "Bullshit, everyone's scared on their first mission, so don't tell me your not." He replied. The others laughed. "Alright, yes I'm scared, but that doesn't mean I'm going to sit by and watch the action." John said. "That's good," he said back "Name's Christopher Stuart, and I'm one of the Sergeants." "Alright" John replied, right before the launch. "We're setting off now kid, get ready. Nobody seemed worried at all except for him, that is until the bottom of the ship opened and they were sent down to the planet. The pod dropped out exiting at what seemed like 400 miles per hour. Everybody else held on tight, John nearly passed out.

John was woken up by the crash landing. It slammed hard into the ground and the pod opened up. A mortar smashed into the Marines as they ran out. John ran out, and fired a shot at the man firing the mortar. The man's head was turned into a horrible mess, and blood sprayed over the loader of the mortar. Frantically, he ran behind the mortar and fired, but luckily the man did a horrible shot. A couple of shards of shrapnel tore into John's leg, splattering blood on the ground. John lifted his Battle Rifle and shot him also with a burst, hitting the man in the chest hurling him off his feet and landing smack on his back. John then took out the pieces of shrapnel and healed it up, not damaging the leg at all so he could still run. He ran over to the others, only to see Jim be taken down with a primitive sniper rifle. John fired a couple of rounds from his rifle, missing the sniper. But then he stood up and unloaded his clip into

the sniper, blowing the sniper off his feet and launching him a foot. John looked at Jim's corpse and salvaged ammo for his rifle incase he ran out of his ammo supply. John ejected the empty clip and slid in a new one in and looked over to his sergeant, where he was given a signal to a rock. John ran over and sat behind the rock, constant peppering of rounds smashing into the gray rock. The next thing he heard was a rocket. He didn't know what was going on until he heard it and felt it. The rock was smashed, and dust fell all over John, while he was suffering what seemed to be a temporary concussion. John dived back on the ground and lifted the rifle up and fired off 3 bursts aiming for the man's arm. It was successful, the man's shoulderblade was permanently damaged and having the bazooka smash into him, sending blood over his allies. John climbed on top of the rock and fired out into the hordes of the rebellion. A smack from a rifle butt hit John's gun throwing it off the rock to the ground. There was a rebel right below him that did it, looking up at him with a rifle. John jumped off, the large boot broke the enemy's arm, and John pulled his knife and brought it down into the rebel's body, the enemy's carcass slumped to the ground. John reached down and picked up the corpse's rifle and fired off at an enemy nearby, killing him almost instantly. Finally, after those few members of the rebellion were left, John looked over to his allies. Some were lying completely dead on the ground, others injured. He considered himself lucky to be minimally wounded, and then dropped the gun after unloading into the last of the rebels. He pulled his knife from the corpse, then walked behind the rock and picked up his rifle and walked over to bring the bodies into a death count. The ODST were victorious, but it was a bloody battle, out of 20 men they lost 11. New men would have to be added, because their numbers were decreased too much. One of the rebels laid dying on the ground, wounded. It was the leader apparently because he dressed differently then the rest. John walked over and stepped on the leader's chest to keep him still. John lifted his rifle and shot the man in the head, blood sprayed on his face. "Men, lets get outta here" the sergeant ordered and they all went back and radioed a ship to come back and get them and extract them back to the main ship in orbit. The sarge walked over and sat down on a rock and motioned for John to. John walked over and sat and listened. "You did real good kid, great for a first time. After seeing this, I thought you were going to die on your first mission" The sarge laughed, but it wasn't in a humorous way. "Cigar?" The sarge offered as he pulled one out and chopped off the tip with his combat knife. John shook his head, then looked down to the ground. The sarge took a long drag. "Well kid, you impressed me today, and your starting to think like one of us. You're being brutal, just what we need. We aren't the first line of defense, we're the last. You keep this kind of work up, and I guarantee you will get a promotion." John looked up at him and cracked a smile for the first time of the day. "Thanks Sarge" John said. "Don't thank me, you haven't done it yet" Sarge said. A loud noise echoed through the plain like area, and John turned to see a Pelican arriving. It spun in a 180 and move backwards while descending. The Sarge got up and walked over to the ship. "Come on ODSTs let's go". John ran over, and so did the others. They got in the ship, and were lifted up off the ground. Soon they would be up into orbit and on their way to the ship.

## 2. First Aftermath

The ship slowly hovered into the air and they soared to the capitol ship. The bird exited the atmosphere quite roughly despite the fact it was made to withstand trans-atmosphere travels. Six hours later the base ship came into view. The Sarge began with congratulations, and then told the men how lucky they were to be alive. "You see men, there were many that die down there today, and we won't let their sacrifice be in vein!" John drifted off, not caring about a word that the Sarge was saying. Too many died today but for the next battle he planned to change that.

The ship cautiously pulled into the docking bay, and was greeted by thunderous applause and cheering from the support crew left on board. The Sarge hopped out and jokingly took a bow and pointed to the ship as the others got out. Most of them were, traditionally, post battle cocky, raising their guns up and throwing their helmets like a high school graduation day. The Sarge took a light on his cigar and then walked to the armory and stowed his gun in the overhead compartment above his bed, the other marines followed his actions. John was modest and just followed nothing too special from him. He passed all the others on their way to the armory. Walking past the group of marines that requisitioned and returned weapons he went to the target range and obstacle course onboard the ship for some practice.

To get to the Target Range a path through the obstacle course was required. This range was unique from all of the others, but John was used. First there was the normal crawl under the barbed wire, which he did with ease. Next was the rope climb, which was difficult due to the lack of knots in the rope to hold onto, was required to climb the straight rope, which he accomplished in under 5 minutes. Crawling on the sleek metal platform, and next was just sliding down another rope. Someone once tried jumping it instead of sliding, R.I.P, though we were not too sure what he was remembered more of him, his accomplishments as a soldier, or the unique way in which he was positioned when he hit the ground. Lastly came the timed run, in which John completed with time to tie his boots and get a drink. There was the end. To open the door to the target range, one was required to lift a certain amount of weight, which was determined by your previous performance, which in turn opened the door. John got under the weight lifting mechanism and with all his strength he pushes up, his muscles nearly bursting under his tight black training shirt. It's heavier than usual. The door slowly as he pushed harder opened, and surprisingly the Sarge jumped off the weight. "What were you doing" John asked. The Sarge just leaned his head in the direction of the Target Range, and the two went in.

John entered the room and crouched down while lifting his rifle. He peered down the sights of his rifle and a target mechanically popped up 30 feet away. One burst was emitted from the barrel ripping the target apart. Another popped up and the Sarge ripped it apart with a blast from his shotgun. "So kid." another target was blown apart by John's rifle "You got a great shot". Sarge tore one open with a slug from his shotgun once again. "Like I said before, I believe you can make this unit shine against all the others" The Sarge finished with a showing off behind the back shot. John fired one last burst at the final Target, tearing it into two pieces with a shot to the waists. "We'll see what I can do for us," John said as the door back to the rest of the ship opened. The Sarge laughed as he walked out with John beside him. John laughed too, and they went to the armory to turn in their weapons, and then continued to their rooms to retire for the night for some much, much deserved rest.

End  
file.